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INSIDE A BARELY LEGAL GIRL

Hey! It's me, Lindsey. I have to confess something to you guys: I *use* BARELY LEGAL. Do you know what I mean? Okay, I'll just say it straight out: After I'm done editing an issue, I play with myself. Yes, I masturbate to my own magazine! Is that conceited? I really hope not, 'cause I don't want to stop—especially not *this* month.

I mean, just take a look at our April 2006 celebrity section, page 16. I've had a crush on Jessica Simpson, like, *forever*, but seeing her boobs bust out, I can barely keep my hands out of my panties! Plus there's also my new crush, TV star Jaime Pressly. Did you know she was totally topless in one of her first movies? You do now!

Of course, there's also the normal girls of BARELY LEGAL—if you can call the hottest girls on the planet normal. Like Dillain on page 76. Her nipples are so hard, they would probably cut my tongue! But I so wouldn't mind! I could always wrap my sore tongue in Elena's super-soft, super-hairy pussy on page 68.

Speaking of sore, I almost rubbed my pussy right off when I read our interview with cutie-pie porn starlet Jeannie Marie Sullavan on page 92. I had to switch to rubbing my butthole instead. But that's okay, 'cause Jeannie Marie *loves* anal.

Uh-oh—I'm feeling tingly down there again. I hope *you* are, too!

xxx Lindsey

Lindsey
Special Consulting Editor

BARELY LEGAL®

APRIL 2006



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92



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40

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CHRISTINA

OOPS!...I SHOWED IT AGAIN

Hey! It's me, Lindsey. I'm with 18-year-old high school senior Christina of Muncie, Indiana. Even though she's super cute, she almost didn't pose at all!

lindsey: So, Christina, you told us you sent your sample photos in to BARELY LEGAL on a dare.
christina: Yeah, my best friend Kira dared me. She says I'm uptight.
lindsey: *Are* you?
christina: No, I'm just *shy*. What's wrong with that?
lindsey: Nothing, except you kind of freaked when we told you we picked you for a layout.
christina: 'Cause I *never* thought I would get picked. I'm not hot!
lindsey: You are! You're cute, and you have a great ass, actually. Why are you shy about showing it?
christina: I guess I've just had a lot of embarrassing incidents with my body.
lindsey: Like what?
christina: Like, one time I was at the public pool in my town. I was wearing my new bikini. Well, I did this one dive, and it was perfect. I climbed out of the pool, and I could feel everyone looking at me, like, *Wow, she should be in the Olympics* or whatever. So I got in line to go off the board again, and I feel this *tap-tap-tap* on my shoulder, and I turn around to see this *really* cute guy, and he just points at my chest without a word. And I look down, and my left boob is entirely out of my bikini top!
lindsey: What did you do?
christina: What *could* I do? I just pulled my top up and ran away.
lindsey: I would have pulled the other side down and gone, "*Ta-da!*"
christina: Well, I'm not you!
lindsey: Anyway, that's not so bad.
christina: You're right, because something even *worse* happened another time. I was in algebra, which I hate because I sit right behind Sean Markey. It's impossible to concentrate on anything besides his neck.
lindsey: I'm guessing he's hot.
christina: *So* hot. My pussy just *throbs* for 45 minutes straight. Well, this one day, Sean had a new, *really* cute haircut, and I was like, *I can't stand it*. I put my sweater in my lap to hide my hand, and I rubbed my pussy through my pants.
lindsey: Right in class?!
christina: I know! But I came in like two seconds, so who could possibly find out? Just then, the teacher, Mr. Albert, was like, "Christina, go to the board and solve problem number seven." So I'm up there writing on the board, and everybody starts *laughing*. They wouldn't stop. Finally, Mr. Albert went, "Please just sit down, Christina." When I got to my desk I passed a note to Kira—*What is the problem with these dorks?* She passes a note back to me—*Your pants are soaking wet, dorkette.*
lindsey: *Omigod!*
christina: My pussy was so wet, it soaked right through my pants! I had a *huge* spot across my crotch and my butt.
lindsey: Okay, *that's* pretty embarrassing. But on the plus side, that means you're, like, very sexual. *Not* uptight.
christina: I guess that's why I figured I should just do it. Pose. Hopefully my photos won't be an embarrassment.
lindsey: I seriously doubt it! ★

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DEAR BARELY LEGAL

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Dear BARELY LEGAL,
Eva (August 2005) asked me a question to my letter sent to her in the November 2005 issue, and this is the answer: I'm still fucking your warm, tight asshole with deep thrusts, my balls slapping up against your juicy, horny pussy. I pull my swollen cock out of your throbbing asshole, beating my hard cock on your soft ass cheeks. Then I enter your pussy from behind, grabbing hold of your breasts, cupping onto them, your hard nipples in between my fingertips. At the same time, you start making sexy moans, pausing to say that you're coming. As the feeling of your hot pussy drives me wild, I come up inside of your steaming hot pussy. I then pull my wet, hard cock out of your juicy, cum-drenched pussy. Jacking off, coming all over your hairy pussy and ass cheeks. The warm cum dripping down your pretty ass, on down the back of your sexy legs.

Sincerely yours,
J. H.
Ohio

Omigod, that's hot. Thank you. You made me crazy last time when you didn't finish your story! Now I can put the two pieces together and finally, you know—use them. I don't think I'll even need my vibrator! ***—Eva***

Dear Tracy [November 2005],
I would love to be the guy that takes your butt cherry. You remind me of a cute little girl named Micki. I used to work at a full-service gas station, and she would always wear short-shorts and cute little belly shirts. She always got me to check the oil in her car. I always wanted to check the oil in her cunt with my own dipstick.

I loved the picture of you with your dildo buried up your tight little twat. I'd love to give your sweet little asshole a good tongue-lashing and then slide my nine-inch cock up your cute little pooter and leave your dildo in your cunny. Then I'd love to wrap your hair around my cock and jack off. They say protein is good for your complexion, so how about a facial?

J. R.
Tennessee

That sounds fun! 'Cept I like it all over my body—then all of my skin is soft, not just my face. :) ***—Tracy***

Dear Kristen,
Good morrow, Troublemaker. I just started receiving my brand-new subscription of BARELY LEGAL in the box today (November 2005 issue). This is the first time that I've written to someone at the other end, so please forgive my awkwardness. This is a letter of admiration. I understand that this is an adult magazine, but I wanted you to know how I am pleased by the tastefulness of your photos, and how stunningly beautiful you are. I suppose that makes me a fan. I really love your larger picture on pages 90–91; however, being divided in the middle of a magazine doesn't make it easy to place upon my wall. Do you have an autographed photo ideal for framing that I may ask of you, one like pages 90–91 (covered and more ladylike)? Actually, I like that image, the one on the next page (92), and your facial expression on page 94 is absolutely adorable. Oh, that look you give is one that shall lovingly haunt me.

Since I was a child, I have never cared for the color yellow. Since I came across your photos, I am completely turned around about the color. Please wear as much of it as you like, because you make it look incredibly attractive, like a warm day in June. Your hair reminds me of the coat of a golden lioness, and those red streaks simply increase its intoxicating effect. But your hair only helps to draw attention to your breathtaking eyes. I'm afraid I'm at a loss for words with your eyes. When I come up with a word that describes their beauty, I'll let you know, but on that same note, don't change your eyebrow at all—perfection.

Your cheekbones and jaw line are ideally defined, yet soft, warm and feminine. Your nose is a most ideal balance of size and shape. Your lips, as well as being ideal as your nose in shape and size, have a warm, tantalizing natural color to them. Your skin tone is light enough to allow the most adorable blushes, yet not so pale as to spoil your perfect glow. And you look as if you take care of yourself, too, with good muscle tone and a body structure that surely was inspired by ancient







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Greek and Roman artists when they carved their sculptures so long ago.

Do not change at all. If there is an image of the perfect woman, you are that inspiration.

C. N.
Oregon

Wow! Thank you, C. N. Those are the best compliments anybody ever gave me. Usually guys are like, "Nice tits," or whatever. I'm so sorry I can't send you an autographed picture! None of the BARELY LEGAL models can 'cause of so many requests. But thank you so much for writing to me! You are awesome! ***—Love, Kristen***

Dear BARELY LEGAL,
Oh, Ashley [December 2005], I was indeed checking out your body completely! What a well-built young woman...with such an inviting smile. That last full page of your pictorial was telling me what to do. What a body! You are sexy!!!

And beautiful Hannah, you've made my fantasy come true many times so far! I'm very good and talented with my hands, will you be my slave? I've got grubby fingernails and paint on my clothes.

Last but not least is the fantasy of giving it to Bibi from behind! The last page of her pictorial, she's telling me how good it feels and saying, "Fuck me in the ass after you get me off some more!"

L. N.
Georgia

Dear Bibi (December 2005 issue),
First thing, you're a beautiful young lady who will find love again if you haven't already. You have the nicest tits, pussy and one sweet ass that I would definitely love to fuck. That Tyler guy is a jerk. It was his idea to fuck your ass, and when you enjoyed it, he should have been thrilled, because I sure would have. Instead of ignoring you like Tyler did, I would call you every day to put my cock in your sweet ass and pussy. So to answer your question in your pictorial, no, you did absolutely nothing wrong.

M. Y.
California

Thank you! You're right, why didn't Tyler like doing anal with me after he totally asked me to do it?

You know what? He's just a boy. He probably couldn't handle my ass. Are you older? I bet you could handle it. ***—Bibi***

BARELY LEGAL,
Just finished reading December's issue, and wow—Candy in *Slumber Party* is a cutie. I love her nice, tight butt! Keep up the good work with the cute models, and tell Candy there's a guy in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, that thinks she's cute.

J. M.
Pennsylvania

We will! We like her, too. In fact, we wish she would pose for a whole layout. Do you think we should ask her? ***—Lindsey***



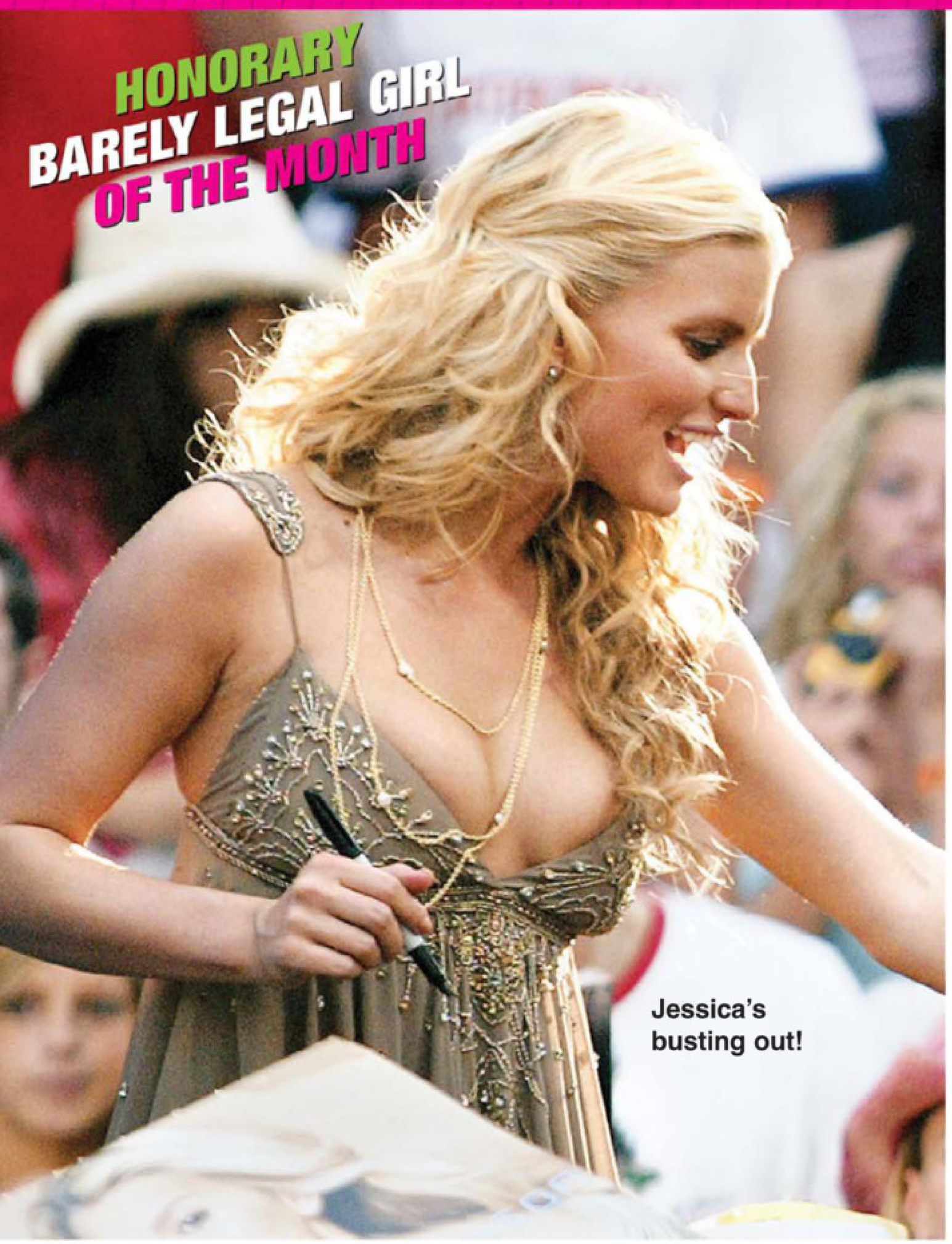












Jessica's busting out!

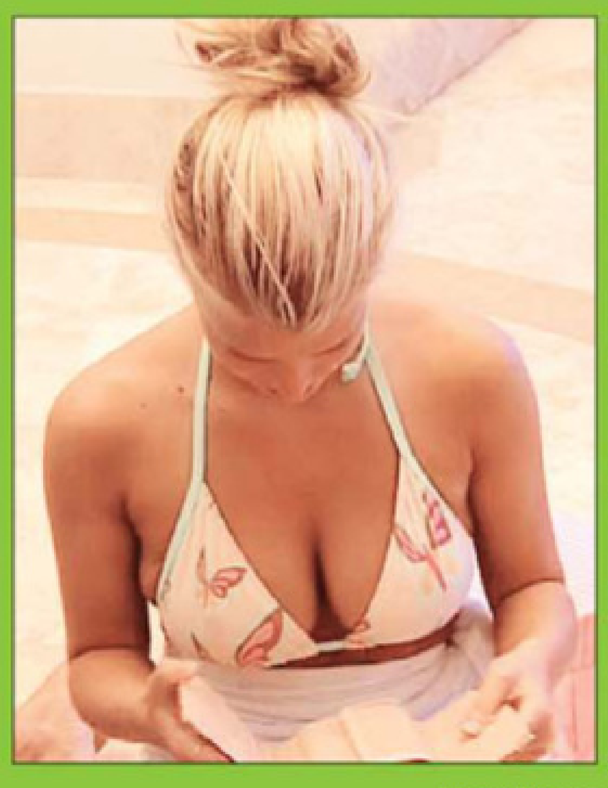
JESSICA SIMPSON

This month we are giving our highest honor to pop singer/actress/reality-TV star Jessica Simpson. But really it's more like a Most Improved award. 'Cause let's face it—Jessica totally wasted her barely legal-est years.

Look at the facts: First she was a virgin living with her dad, who is also her manager and is always talking to magazines about her boobs. (*Ick!)* Then she got married. And that's it! Those were the only two men in her life: her dad and her husband! A girl with boobs like the ones she barely covered in *Newlyweds: Nick & Jessica* and *The Dukes of Hazzard* should *not* be tied down at such a young, hot age. Just look at her titty busting out of her movie-premiere gown. It was, like, trying to be set free.

Well, we are happy to announce that *all* of Jessica is now free. Yes, she has dumped hubby Nick Lachey (Nick, call us!). The gossip columns have already linked her with Johnny Knoxville, Bam Margera and Adam Levine of Maroon 5, and we are *so* proud.

Congratulations, Jessica! But remember: Even if one of those guys we just mentioned is really super good at licking your butthole, don't marry him!





Newlyweds: Nick & Jessica

Courtesy mrskin.com



The Dukes of Hazzard

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JAIME PRESSLY

MUST-SEE DVD

POISON IVY: THE NEW SEDUCTION



Courtesy mrskin.com

Poison Ivy: The New Seduction



Review by BARELY LEGAL intern Megan

There's this new hit show on TV that's totally hysterical called *My Name Is Earl*, which stars Jason Lee, who is cute even with that mustache. But another main reason to watch it is Jaime Pressly. Usually girls this blond and hot aren't good actresses, but she is *really* funny.

Jaime is also a movie star. You might remember her from the total rip-off comedy *Tomcats* (2001). A rip-off because it's supposed to be dirty, but there's no nudity. Jaime's smokin' bod totally goes to waste!

The movie you have to get instead is *Poison Ivy: The New Seduction* (1997), which Jaime made when she was 20. I swear, her titties are hardly ever in clothes the whole time. You will seriously wear out your pause button. Her character is bossy, too, which is kind of a turn-on.

So if I were you, I would go out now and get that movie. 'Cause now that Jaime is a big star, she probably won't be showing her boobs ever again!



Letter to Lindsay Lohan

You guys, remember back in our November 2005 issue when we ran two pictures of Lindsay Lohan and asked you to vote on them? Well, the results are in! Here's the letter we're sending to Lindsay.

Dear Lindsay,

My name is Lindsey, too (except I spell it different). I am the Special Consulting Editor of BARELY LEGAL Magazine. We took a poll of our readers to see which way they like you better: curvy with red hair or super skinny with blond hair. Guess what? They like you with curves and red hair. It wasn't even close!

So, on behalf of BARELY LEGAL readers, I am giving you this advice: Bring back your boobs! Also your red hair and freckles. Don't listen to Hollywood stylists. Our readers are the number-one experts when it comes to hot teen girls.

One more thing: If you ever want to pose for BARELY LEGAL, let us know!

xxx

Lindsey



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MARIA BELLA

AM I DOING THIS RIGHT?





I can't believe I'm doing this! My friends back in Ohio would freak if they knew I was nude modeling in L.A. And what if my parents find out? I know I'm 18 now, but still! It's so unlike me. It was really hard for me to do it, but it was fun, and I'm proud of myself. I guess I'm just not used to showing off my bod as if I'm all that. I work out and stuff, but I've never thought of myself as sexy. I showed up for my photo-shoot in jeans and a T-shirt. That's, like, my sexiest outfit. Okay, I wasn't wearing a bra, but that's as wild as I ever get!

"Don't get me wrong—I love sex. You wouldn't know it from looking at me, but I am a blowjob queen. My boyfriend Eric says I have an 'oral fixation.' He's a therapist, so he knows all about that kind of stuff. Whatever. I totally give him head all the time, and he loves it. Whenever he tries to go down on me, it tickles so bad that it makes me want to pee. Recently, though, that totally changed!

"The night before my photo-shoot, Eric helped me shave my private area. It was the sexiest thing ever. It was so intimate. Just feeling his warm breath on my pussy gave me goose bumps. I'm totally smooth down there now. Afterward, Eric licked my pussy all night long, and I didn't have to pee at all! I wanted him inside me so bad!

"We've had sex before, but only on special occasions—like, on my 18th birthday and after homecoming. Also? I've only ever done it with him on top of me. That night, we did it doggy-style for the first time ever. Man, is that awesome! I felt so sexy and alive as he pounded away at me from behind. That feeling gave me the confidence to go through with it and fulfill my dream of being a nude model. Sometimes I think about what it would be like to be a porn star, but I don't know if I can go so far as to have sex in front of a camera. I'm just naturally shy. Plus I make the goofiest sex faces. I could do it if it was just, like, a blowjob, though. *Hmmm...*." ★









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photography by nick gurgul



KELI

ALL GROWN UP

Hi, guys! It's Megan, BARELY LEGAL's hardworking (or hardly working?) intern. Keli is one of our most popular Teen Queens *ever* [*Teen Queen of the Month*, February 2004]. Can you believe it's been, like, two whole years since we last saw her? I was dying to catch up with her and see what's new.

megan: Hi, Keli. How does it feel to be back by popular demand?
keli: Great! I'm flattered that you guys still remember me.
megan: So, you're, like, 20 now and a sophomore in college. What have you been up to lately?
keli: Not much. Just studying, really. I don't have a major yet, but I like biology. I moved out of the dorms, and I'm sharing a house with all my girlfriends this year.
megan: What's your guy sitch?
keli: I'm not dating anyone right now. [*Sighs.*] I just haven't met anybody in a while.
megan: What's up with that?
keli: I've been too busy studying. Can you believe it? But I still party with my girlfriends.
megan: Do you ever hook up with any of them?
keli: Sometimes. I share a room with one girl, Christina, and we cuddle together under the covers and stuff. Every now and then we make out or lick each other's coochies—just for fun. When you don't have a date on Saturday night, it's a lot better than sitting at home alone.
megan: What's the craziest thing you've done since the last time we saw you?
keli: *Um,* probably when I rushed for a bunch of sororities my freshman year. Sorority parties are out of control. This one house threw a naked party, and everyone there was getting it on in front of each other. I gave blowjobs to two different guys that night—but they still didn't let me in!
megan: Wow! What's a girl gotta do? I hope that wasn't, like, a reflection on your blowjob skills.
keli: I don't think so. I haven't gotten any complaints. Except for this one time, but that wasn't my fault. All I can say is, never *ever* try to give a guy a blowjob when you have a cold! And whatever you do, try not to sneeze when you're doing deep-throat!
megan: You have a great attitude toward sex. Tell me, are you currently repressing any urges?
keli: *What?!* Well, I haven't had a guy for a while, so yeah. I love sex, but I don't go around advertising it. Like, if I'm crushing on a guy, I might flirt with him or whatever, but I wouldn't just come out and be all, "I want you inside me!"
megan: But guys can be so clueless sometimes. What do you do if a guy you like can't take a hint?
keli: Well, one time there was a cute guy in one of my classes, but he never even noticed I was alive. Then one day I was wearing a tank top with no bra, and I bent over to tie my shoes right in front of him. I guess he must have seen my boobs because he literally followed me home. But that was totally on accident—I swear!
megan: So, what happened with that guy?
keli: We went back to my place and ended up having sex, but then my roommate walked in on us. I was so embarrassed. The worst part is, he, like, hit on my roommate and tried to give her his number! He kept talking about getting us both into a threeway.
megan: *Omigod*, did you?
keli: He wishes! But actually, Christina and I have talked about how hot it would be to have a threesome. But it would have to be with the right guy. ★

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Kahea from South Beach, Florida, got naked because she wanted "to try something new." The naughty new adult is anxious "to grow up." She works as a waitress, and her hobbies include surfing and tanning. Kahea's straight, but wants to experiment. So far, she and a girlfriend "would go tanning and get nude. Nothing too extreme." But her secret fantasy is to be with two women.

—photos by friend









Candy from Janesville, Wisconsin, is "a very sexual person" who's totally into bondage. Now that she's old enough, she wants to become a feature exotic dancer and be a certified personal trainer. When she's not working hard toward her goals, Candy enjoys working out and riding motorcycles. Her ultimate sexual fantasy involves "being tied up and blindfolded while fucking Mick Jagger."

—photos by sister





Marissa took her clothes off just because it "sounded like a good idea." The barely legal office clerk from Baltimore, Maryland, likes kids, golf and swimming and wants to be a parent someday. She also likes to seduce guys and loves "having sex when I'm handcuffed and blindfolded." It's "a little weird," she says, but she has the best orgasms that way. Her fantasy is "to be taken by a woman."

—photos by friend

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PORCHA

MY HEART BELONGS TO HER DADDY

Hey, my name is Porcha (my dad loved fancy cars), and I'm from Milwaukee. The main thing I would like to tell you guys about is a decision I had to make that was really hard. I'm wondering if you would agree with it.

"How it started was with my best friend Talia, who is totally gorgeous. She can have her pick of any guy at our high school, but she doesn't even care 'cause she actually goes out with college guys. I love her, but it's really hard sometimes 'cause guys *never* ask me out.

"Well, of course I know Talia's dad, Mr. Mendoza, because I'm always over at her house. Well, Mr. Mendoza is super nice and way handsome for a guy in his 40s. Every time he would see me, he would make this fake gasping sound and go, 'Excuse me, but aren't you J.Lo?' This even happened last year, when I was still a dog with glasses and hair shaped like a mushroom. I mean, that's how nice he is.

"Anyway, then I turned 18, and I straightened my hair and got contacts. But I still felt like Alpo on the inside 'cause boys still didn't seem to be looking at me. I just think a girl needs a man to feel attractive deep down, sorry if that's old-fashioned.

"Okay, the main thing I'm telling you about started the night of the winter formal. I didn't have a date (I know, what a shock). Talia made me come over to do her hair in a French twist, since obviously I had nothing better to do. Then she waltzed out the door with her escort—a college *sophomore*—and I just stood there with Mr. Mendoza. In case you're wondering, *Mrs.* Mendoza lives in Chicago now with a different husband.

"So Mr. Mendoza and I were watching Talia drive away in a white stretch limo, and I guess I was crying. Mr. Mendoza totally saw. He was all, 'A pretty girl like you shouldn't be crying,' and he rubbed circles on my back.

"Mr. Mendoza's hand sent shivers down to my pussy. I knew it was wrong to have feelings for my best friend's father, but he was the only guy who ever called me pretty before. I couldn't help my emotions. So—I turned to Mr. Mendoza and kissed him on the lips! He seemed totally shocked at first, then he pulled me in tighter. And *then*, you won't believe it, but he picked me up and CARRIED me to the couch and pulled my shorts off! It was so romantic, like a movie.

"Mr. Mendoza stared into my eyes and pulled his penis out. Obviously I didn't have much to compare it to, but it looked *huge*. In my head I was like, *Is this going to hurt?* Then Mr. Mendoza went, 'This won't hurt.' Like he could read my thoughts! He spit in his hand and rubbed it on his donger. Then he spread my legs open, and just like that, his dick was sliding into my pussy. I was really doing it! I felt *so* amazing, like warm and glowy and buzzy. I mean, I don't see why people ever have to drink or do drugs. They should just have sex!

"Our first time was so awesome, Mr. Mendoza and I kept meeting every day after that, totally in secret, and everything was perfect. Then one day, Talia walked in on us actually in bed. It was *horrible*. We tried to tell her how we were in love, but she just kept screaming and crying. Finally she was all, 'Porcha, you have to choose me or my dad.'

"So here's the thing—I chose her dad. Talia went to live with her mom. I miss my best friend, but I *love* fucking. So I chose sex over friendship. Do you think that's bad?" ★






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ASHLEY GRACIE

FLORIDA SUNSHINE

BARELY LEGAL intern Sophie here, back from a photo-shoot with 19-year-old Ashley Gracie of Florida. Can I just say, I had the *best* time with Ashley. She just gives off total good vibes, plus I never met anyone so comfortable being naked. We did the interview while the photographer snapped away—and I watched!

sophie: Let's start with some basic questions: What's your favorite movie?
ashley gracie: *Brown Sugar.*
sophie: Favorite music?
ashley gracie: Hip-hop, reggae, dancehall.
sophie: Favorite hobby?
ashley gracie: Fishing. I like to fish in the Everglades. I'm boring!
sophie: Yeah, right! How did you start modeling?
ashley gracie: My friend was in the business, and I went to a shoot, and they asked me if I wanted to be involved. I did it, and I liked it. I'm so glad *you* guys shot me. I wanted to get in the magazine before I turned 20.
sophie: I wish we met you even sooner! What did you do before modeling?
ashley gracie: I used to work at a HUSTLER store. I quit to model. I liked working there. Where else can you play with dicks all day and get paid for it?
sophie: You're bad! What is the best part of your body?
ashley gracie: My thighs. They have the most fat. I like meat.
sophie: What's your favorite sex position?
ashley gracie: Doggy-style, because you can feel every inch. And the guy has control of you. I like when the guy has control. Maybe a little too much!
sophie: Do you like to give hummers?
ashley gracie: Yes. I feel sexy when I'm giving head.
sophie: Do you spit or swallow?
ashley gracie: Both. I'm not a cum dodger.
sophie: Where do you like a guy to come?
ashley gracie: On my stomach. Wherever the dick is.
sophie: Do you like doing it in the butt?
ashley gracie: I can't take the pain. I'm not a trouper.
sophie: Do you like girls?
ashley gracie: Yes. I love eating out women. I think I have a pretty good technique. I like making women feel good. I like making men feel good. I like making people feel good. *I* like feeling good!
sophie: Have you ever had sex in public?
ashley gracie: Yes. In public restrooms. In a car. A movie theater. There were five people in the theater.
sophie: Do you wear panties?
ashley gracie: No. Sometimes [I do] when I wear a skirt, because I tend to sit with my legs spread. I'm very unladylike.
sophie: Who wants to be a lady? Speaking of, what is the sluttiest thing you've ever done?
ashley gracie: They call me the Naked Girl in my apartment complex. If I go downstairs, I don't want to have to put clothes on.
sophie: I bet our readers wished they lived in your complex! Okay, what's the best way for a guy to pick you up?
ashley gracie: By being himself. I like guys that are natural. Don't try to impress me.
sophie: Are you single?
ashley gracie: I'm always single.
sophie: So do you masturbate a lot?
ashley gracie: Every single day, at least once a day. When the mood strikes me. Every time I take a shower, I have to put my

pussy under the faucet. I can't get through the day if I don't get that feeling down there. My pussy's healed.

sophie: How can someone else make you come?

ashley gracie: I've never had a guy make me come yet. But sex feels good.

sophie: When's the last time you had sex?

ashley gracie: A month ago. [*Spreads her pussy open for the camera.*] This is the most action I've gotten all month!

sophie: You're so funny! Okay, one last question: What are your plans for the future?

ashley gracie: I'm interested in learning photography. I'm more interested in being behind the camera.

sophie: Well, we hope you'll stay in front of the camera, too! ★









MEN RULE, BOYS DROOL!

A **BARELY LEGAL** GIRL DISCOVERS TRUE, MATURE LOVE

by nancy davies

My first-ever boyfriend was Jake Cunningham. Or I guess he wasn't, but for a long time I was sure I loved him. He looked like an old-fashioned movie star, a rebel like James Dean. My crush started in ninth grade and never went away. He was two years ahead of me in school and wouldn't give me the time of day. He graduated and went to work at Ed's Auto & Body. I still loved him. Eventually I turned 18, and I was still a virgin and still loved Jake, but he didn't even know my name.

My friend Brianne's older brother Paul lived with Jake in an apartment, and one night Paul threw a party. I wasn't exactly invited but I went, being friends with Brianne. I spent two hours getting ready, trying on a million outfits. I finally decided on a glamorous rock-star look inspired by the awesome times of David Bowie and Led Zeppelin—crocheted hot pants, platform sandals and black eyeliner. I thought I looked cool, outrageous and retro, but Brianne said I looked like a freak.

"Last time I checked my calendar, it wasn't the '70s," she said. "What *is* that?"

Just because I'm different, with my own style. What did Brianne know? Well, more than me, I guess, because guys loved her, and she had great big boobs and lots of sex, but still.

"Whatever," I said, and then, although I didn't fully believe it, I added, "Jake will love it."

Brianne scowled. "You need to get over this Jake thing. He's a man-whore. Ask any one of his million ex-girlfriends."

"He doesn't have a million," I said. "Only like ten."

The party was crowded with people I didn't know, all the cool kids who hang out at the Underpass Bar because they're 21 or have a fake ID. I sat cross-legged on a gold-velvet easy chair drinking a beer that tasted like pee, watching guys flirt with every girl but me. Brianne giggled in the corner. Her arms were wrapped around a blond guy who was staring down her shirt. I felt lonely. Maybe Brianne was right, with her Bebe clothes and boys chasing her all day. I choked down my beer and wondered if I should leave.

"Hey." Like a miracle, Jake appeared. My

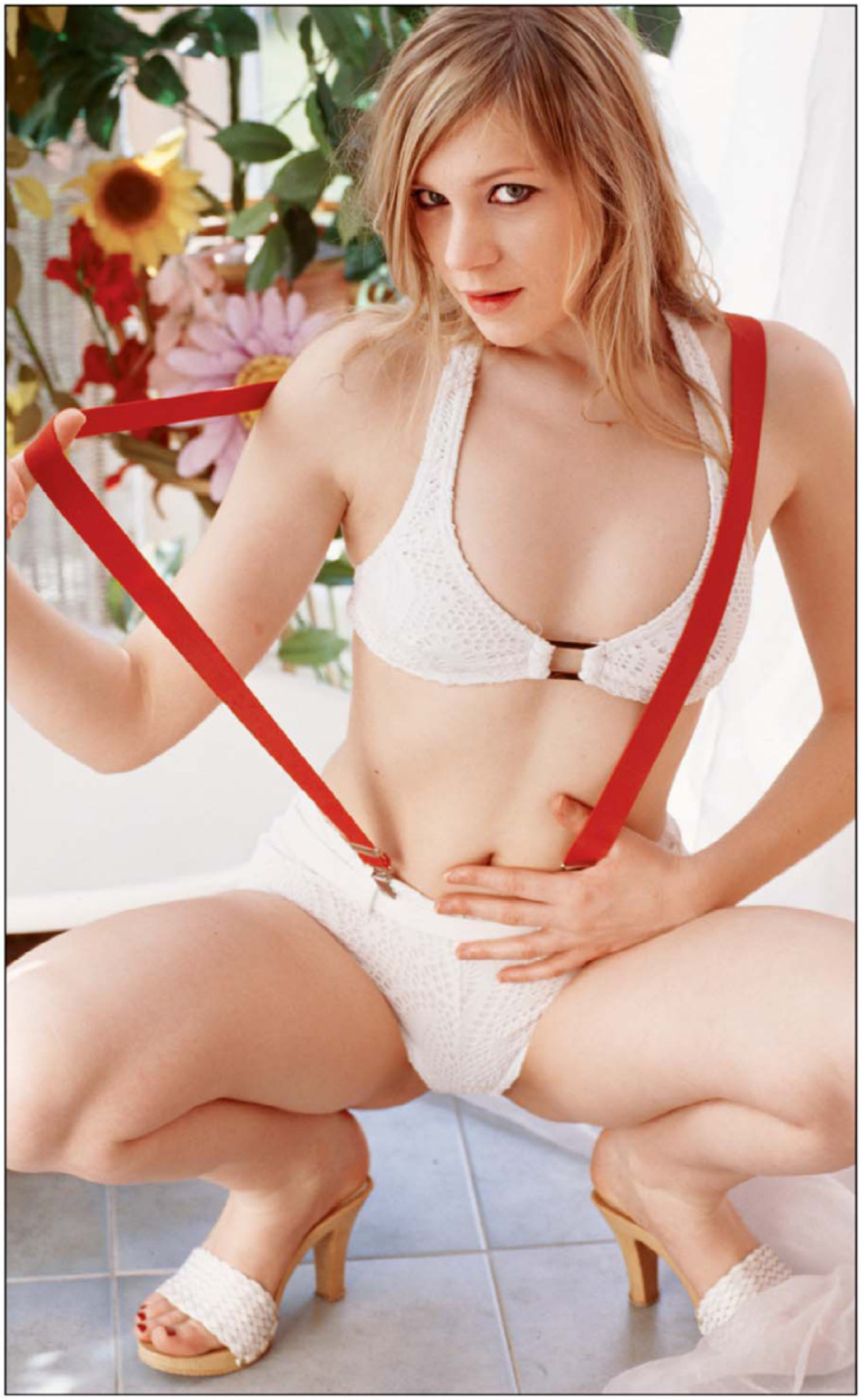


photo illustration by david churchyard

jaw dropped. I couldn't think of anything to say.

"Don't you go to Yancey?" He perched on the arm of my easy chair and wedged a 40 between his knees.

"Yeah," I stammered. "You're Jake."

"I know."

I blushed, feeling like a total dildo. "Sorry. I'm Nancy. I was a sophomore when you graduated, but not anymore. I mean, not now. I'm 18." *What was I saying?*

Jake stared at my macramé sandals. "I dig your outfit."

"Really?" My voice came out like a squeak. "My friend Brianne hates it."

Jake glanced over at her and shook his head. "Why do you hang out with her anyway? She's a total Paris Hilton wannabe. You seem way more interesting."

I shrugged. "She's okay." Jake thought I was *interesting*? I was too afraid to ask why he never talked to me before.

Jake downed the rest of his 40. "Let's blow outta here. You ever been to Green Creek Lake?"

Green Creek Lake was the make-out spot, a few miles outside of town. I'd driven by, but I'd never been. No one had ever taken me.

Jake parked his old Park Avenue on a cliff overlooking the lake. He reached across the seat into the glove box. His arm brushed against my top. I blushed, embarrassed by my flat chest. Jake lit a joint.

"I come here to think," he said. He took a big drag, then passed me the joint. I puffed because I didn't want to look like a dork, but I didn't inhale because I was afraid it would make me act like a geek. I passed it back. He looked at me all serious.

"I like unique people," he said.

"Thanks." I couldn't think of anything else to say. Jake stubbed the joint out in the ashtray and slid close to me. I was so nervous, I had to sit on my hands. He draped his arm over my shoulder and kissed my neck. My nipples got hard. I pulled a shaky hand from under my thigh and placed it on his knee.

Jake hooked his fingers around my wrist and guided my hand to his crotch. His dick was hard. I could totally feel the heat coming through his jeans.

"Touch it, baby," he whispered. I rubbed carefully. "Harder," he said. "You're not gonna hurt me." He unzipped his fly. His boner was huge and intimidating. I glanced up at him. He smiled, looking proud and horny.

I put my head down, totally embarrassed to admit the truth, but I *had* to. "I don't have a lot of experience," I mumbled.

"Hey," Jake lifted my chin. "That's okay."

He gripped his big cock and stroked. "Like this." He squeezed and tugged faster. "Here, try it." He put my hand back on his dick. I closed my fingers around his shaft.

Jake moaned. He yanked my hot pants to my knees and slid a finger between my pussy lips. I shivered. I tightened my grip on his boner, pulling faster, finding a rhythm. Jake wiggled his fingertip into my hole. I gasped. My thighs relaxed and spread open, like on their own. I rocked my hips against his hand.

"Let me put it in," he groaned. "Just a little bit."

Now I was *really* nervous. I took a deep breath and reminded myself to relax—this is what I'd always wanted, to be with him. I kicked off one shoe, pulled my leg out of my pants and rested my bare foot up on the seat. I was sort of half-squatting, facing Jake. "Be gentle," I whispered. "You're really big."

"Thanks," Jake laughed. He rearranged my legs and pressed my back into the seat. "You're so tiny," he said. "I love it." He pulled my bikini top



"Harder," he said. "You're not gonna hurt me."

MEN RULE, BOYS DROOL!

down and licked my nipples. I started to melt. I stopped feeling self-conscious about my flat chest. Between my legs was *so* warm.

Jake climbed on top of me. His hard-on nudged my cooch. I opened my legs and wondered if it would fit. He poked me with his tip. It felt huge, but my pussy was hot and slippery. A couple more inches slipped in. It felt big and tight. I held my breath and dug my fingernails into his back, totally tense, but then with one giant exhale I relaxed again, and he pushed deeper. I latched my feet around his waist and wiggled my hips. It felt weird and good and fantastic.

He's inside me! My heart beat extra fast. *All the way in!*

He was going for it now, *pounding*. His face was shining with sweat. My head thumped against the passenger's side door, and my pussy throbbed. Suddenly Jake threw back his head and went, like, "*Rrrrrrrr-aaarrrh!*" He pulled out and came all over my tummy.

Jake sat up, his hair and eyes wild, and fired up his joint. "Cool," he panted. He stared through the windshield at the moon. I looked down at my body. My belly button was full of splooge. *Wow.* I thought. *I really did it.*

Brianne woke me up with a phone call the next day, totally pissed. "Where the hell did you go last night?" she demanded. "I was like, *Omigod, Nancy's been abducted!*"





Like from magic I knew how to give a blowjob.

My belly button was full of splooge.

"I was *totally* abducted," I sighed, stretching my legs. "And I'm no longer a virgin."

"What?!" Brianne was practically screaming. "You're so full of shit! Don't tell me it was Jake Cunningham."

"Yes."

Brianne gasped. "Nancy! I warned you about him. He's going to pretend he doesn't even know you now that you let him in your pants!"

I wanted to tell Brianne to shut up, but I just went, "Whatever," and hung up the phone. I showered and slipped into a long, sheer, paisley-print sundress. Forget Brianne. I was going to Ed's Auto & Body to visit my boyfriend.

A lanky man with long sideburns and a mustache stood at the front counter at Ed's. He smiled when I walked in. "I'm Ben," he said. "How can I help?"

"I'm Nancy," I said politely. "I'm looking for Jake."

Ben frowned and looked at me weird. Then he smiled again and jerked his thumb to the left. "In the garage, under the Lincoln."

Jake's long legs stuck out from underneath the car.

"Hey," I said.

Jake rolled out on his back, clutching a wrench. "Oh, hey." He got up on his elbows. "What's up?"

"Just saying hey." I smoothed my skirt, hoping he liked my dress. "And hey, do you like Brad Pitt? There's this new movie out this week, and I was wondering—"

Jake interrupted. "Look, Anne, I'm really not supposed to have visitors hanging around at work. But maybe I'll see you around."

I stared at him, stunned. My eyes burned, and I was sick to my stomach. "Yeah," I managed to squeak. Jake rolled back under the Lincoln.

I was walking down the street like a zombie when someone grabbed my arm. I yelped and whirled around. It was Ben from Ed's.

"Sorry if I scared you," he said. "I just wanted to say, I just couldn't help but overhear and—well, that Jake's a regular asshole, excuse my French. A beautiful girl like you, a *vision*—"

I started to cry. "My name's not Anne."

"No, Nancy," Ben shook his head and took my hand. "It isn't." His face was sad, but handsome. He looked like a rock star dressed as a mechanic. I was heartbroken, and I wanted to die, but...there was something about Ben. That night, I went home with him.

We spent hours on the huge, faux-fur rug on Ben's living-room floor, listening to music and talking. I never would have imagined I'd have so much in common with a 38-year-old man. I guess that explains why I always felt so retro and different.

"You make me feel young again," Ben said. He flipped over the Fleetwood Mac record we were listening to and pulled me close. I rested my head in his lap. "You look like all the pretty girls in album sleeves and magazines when I was a kid, the girls I could never get. It's like you dropped from heaven and into my lap."



I watched Ben's penis swell in his corduroy pants. I didn't even feel shy—I unzipped his fly and pulled out his boner and licked it, like from magic I knew how to give a blowjob. He moaned and pushed his dick down my throat.

"Is it too soon to say I love you?" Ben asked. He pulled my dress up and rubbed my butt. "Even though we just met?"

"No," I grinned. I lifted my ass in the air and spread my pussy. "I love you, too." He pressed himself inside me. I sighed and dug my fingers into the furry rug.

We must have had sex a thousand times that night, a thousand ways. I sat on his face. He sucked my clitty and tongued my ass. We 69ed. I rode him. I laid on my back with my legs behind my head. He came in my mouth, my pussy, my butt crack. We fell asleep on the cum-stained rug to the soft sounds of Styx.

Maybe it's weird to go from being in love and losing your virginity to some guy named Jake Cunningham to immediately falling in love with another man, a man twice my age named Ben, but I believe in love even if it seems weird. Brianne thinks Ben's an "old dip," and my parents don't even know about him. But I'm a grown woman now, and I've found my man. ★



photography by matti klatt

NEVAEH

Hey, it's Lindsey. Our April 2006 Teen Queen is gorgeous, hot and—according to her—just one of the guys.

"I don't have *any* girlfriends," says Nevaeh, a high school senior from San Diego, California. "I'd rather hang out with guys and drink beer and shoot pool and play poker. Girly stuff is so boring. I don't want to shop and talk on the phone all day. The only girly thing I do is fuck guys!"

birthday: June 20, 1987
height: 5-5
weight: 118 pounds
fave body part: I just like my overall look—not too girly, but not a total tomboy. Basically, I want to look pretty like a girl but have fun like a guy.
item you can't live without: My truck. It's a total dude magnet, you know. Every time I stop at a red light, some guy next to me will start asking me about horsepower or whatever. That usually turns into a hookup!
pet peeve: That everybody thinks if you're friends with guys, you must be boning them. I'm not. Not *all* of them.
turn-on: A big, loud guy who can make me laugh.
turn-offs: Gossip. Cattiness. People who play head games.
best compliment: One time a guy said to me, "Dude, you look awesome," and that was, like, so cool because it meant I turned him on, but also he respected me as a person.
number-one idol: Cameron Diaz. She can, like, burp and still be sexy. I saw her on an award show one time, and she stuck her nose in her armpit and was like, "I stink." It was *so* cool. The point is, you should have a sense of humor about bodily functions. I mean, we all smell sometimes, so what?
dirty little secret: I wore panties for this shoot 'cause the photographer was like, "Here, try these on," but I have to admit, normally I go commando. Bras and panties make me feel trapped. Also, I like to give guys easy access to the goodies!
spit or swallow? Swallow, definitely. I'm not a wimp!
anal attitude: Like I said, not a wimp. Yes, the idea is scary, but if you don't think about it too much and just *feel* it, it's amazingly hot. In fact, when I have butt sex, it makes my pussy so wet, I have to have sex again right after!
future goal: I can't wait until I'm in college. One time I went to a frat party, and that was the most fun I ever had. It was like being at an all-you-can-eat restaurant, but with guys. I just hope I have time to study!
reason for posing: BARELY LEGAL is the best magazine! All of my friends read it. They can't wait until they see me in it. ★







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ELENA

SOME GIRLS ARE BIGGER THAN OTHERS

photography by markham

Hi, guys. I'm Elena. I hope you like my pictures. I love reading BARELY LEGAL *almost* as much as my guy friends. Especially because, unlike other magazines, BARELY LEGAL has girls like me in it.

"I know I'm not your typical super-thin, Barbie-hot model, but you know what? Curves rule. I love my body, and I'm proud of it. There's a side of myself that's still insecure, but I think that's normal. Even Ashlee Simpson feels insecure sometimes. Besides, if I was all skinny, I wouldn't have these awesome boobs—and I *know* guys like them. I feel like they're my best asset.

"You know what else? I totally don't shave down there! I know porn girls are supposed to shave and wax every inch of their bodies and, like, bleach their buttholes and stuff, but nobody I know does that. I'm sorry, but real girls like me are way more natural. I hope that's okay.

"I have a pretty active sex life. Okay, I might not have a boyfriend right this second, but I'm fine with that. Really. I'm only 18, so I have plenty of time to find Mr. Right. Two weeks and one day ago I met this really hot guy named Mike who, unfortunately, turned out to be Mr. Wrong. He was just kind of a negative person, and I can't have any negativity around me. But he was amazing in bed, so it was a totally positive experience.

"Mike was all about my boobs. I think he liked them more than he liked me. After our second date, I offered him a blowjob, but he turned me down! I asked if there was anything I could do instead, and he said he wanted to stick his thingie in between my titties! Can you believe it? It was *so* weird, but really fun. After that, I felt close enough to him that I wanted him inside me.

"The sex was very intense. I like to think of myself as a very passionate person, so I love it when it's, like, really hard and fast and I feel like I'm losing control. Mike did me so hard that he actually broke my bed! There I was, totally in the moment, screaming and moaning my head off, when suddenly I heard this loud *crack*, and my butt fell to the floor. Mike and I kept going at it, and it was, like, the wildest thing ever.

"I'd never been effed that hard before. I felt like a rock star. Of course, I had to make up something to tell my parents. I told them it broke because I was jumping on it—which *technically* wasn't a lie. But now I have to sleep on my brother's funky old futon. I just hope I don't break *it*, too!" ★













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DILLAIN
ART LOVER

photography by mark lit



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Hey, it's me, Megan, your favorite BARELY LEGAL intern. I caught up with Dillain, one of the coolest girls ever to be in the mag. In case you don't remember, she was our Teen Queen of the Month for the July 2005 issue. She's almost 19 now, still wants to be an artist and is even more obsessed with sex—if that's possible!

megan: Okay, last year you said you were going to skip school, travel around and make art. Did you?
dillain: Yeah. Last fall I packed up a bunch of my stuff, got in my car with my best friend Sarah and took off.
megan: Did you have any idea where you were going?
dillain: No, that was the awesome part. We would just land in a random town and hang out. Sarah brought her video camera so we could, like, make a documentary about America.
megan: That sounds...boring.
dillain: It was! After a few days, we were like, "We need a way more interesting theme." Then I started thinking, *Americans are so uptight about boobs*. Like, remember when Janet Jackson's boob popped out at the Super Bowl? There were practically riots! In Europe, they show titties on TV all the time. No one has been permanently damaged.
megan: Anyway...
dillain: Anyway, I went to Sarah, "Let's drive on the highway with our tops off and see what happens. We can videotape people's reactions."
megan: So what happened?
dillain: People *freaked—out*. Like, soccer moms in their vans? They acted like we were Satan. Even me with my tiny titties. I mean, do they look dangerous to you?
megan: Your *nipples* do. Did anybody freak out in a good way?
dillain: Truck drivers! They are the *coolest*. They would honk, and they always had big smiles on their faces.
megan: Did you actually meet any of them?
dillain: Well, there was one. He was all, "Pull over, pull over!" So we did. He was way hot. *Big* arm muscles. Sarah and I both wanted to do him.
megan: Who got him?
dillain: We both did, at the same time. It was my first threeway. Sarah set up her camera on a tripod, and we videotaped it. It came out so good, we videotaped every time we had a threeway. If the guy let us, which usually he did.
megan: So basically you made an X-rated documentary.
dillain: See, Megan? *That's* the problem. People want to make sex dirty and label it "X." I want to show that it's just a thing people naturally do, all across America.
megan: Wow! You're totally right! Hey, I want to be in your next movie.
dillain: Sure! You, me and Sarah—we can have *four*ways!
megan: I *love* sequels. ★



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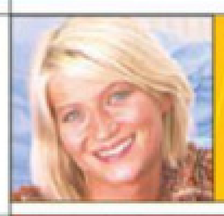


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BARELY LEGAL BOX OFFICE



WE GIRLS AT BARELY LEGAL THINK THE BEST PERSON TO JUDGE THE REALNESS AND HOTNESS OF A LEGAL-TEEN VIDEO IS A REAL, HOT LEGAL TEEN. HERE TO REVIEW THE LATEST RELEASES IS THIS MONTH'S GUEST CRITIC, NEVAEH.

LAME, BUT BETTER THAN DOING HOMEWORK. ★

GOOD ENOUGH TO COME WITH THE HELP OF A FINGER. ★★★

DECENT, BUT FORGETTABLE, LIKE DRUNKEN MACKING WITH A CUTE STRANGER. ★★

THE BARELY LEGAL BOMB! ★★★★

TEENY BOPPER CLUB

★★★★

Directed by Lola; starring Kinzie Kenner, Crissy, Ashley Jordan, Hillary Scott, Tiffany Holiday, Tommy Gunn, Ramon, and Billy Glide.
DVD: Twisted Pink Video.

I was instantly psyched about *Teeny Bopper Club* because it stars my girls Kinzie Kenner and Hillary Scott. They totally rule, but now that I've seen the movie, I'm all about Crissy and Tiffany Holiday, too! *Omigod,* Crissy has the hugest nerps. She's hecka cute and can't stop smiling as she's bouncing on a guy. A woman directs and interviews all the girls. Even she can't resist copping a feel—these girls are *that* cute! I love that we get to talk to these girls and find out more about them before they start effing. It's, like, now I feel a connection with them or something. Who knew hot girls can have great personalities, too? Like, Ashley Jordan's from the O.C., and her first time was a threeway! Tiffany has the puffiest nipples ever and is so playful—she has no attitude whatsoever about how hot she is! All the guys have super ginormous thingies, and the girls are totally excited about taking them all the way in their mouths and pussies. They have tons of energy, and they look super sexy. I wanna join the *Teeny Bopper Club!*



Teeny Bopper Club: **Ashley can be treasurer.**



Teeny Bopper Club: **Crissy gets initiated.**



Teeny Bopper Club: **Hillary is club president.**

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BARELY LEGAL #53:
Kelsey's country-style blowjobs.


BARELY LEGAL #53:
We all scream for Hailey!

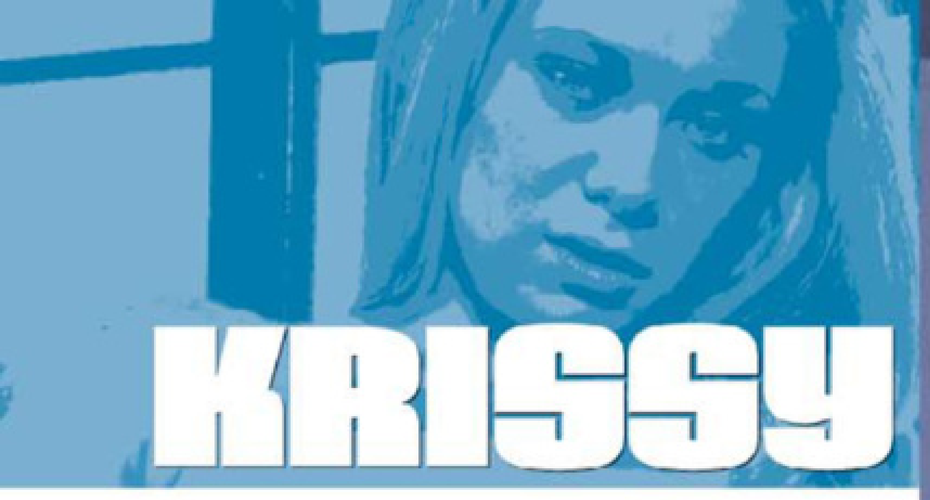
BARELY LEGAL #53

★★★★

Directed by Erica McLean; starring Kelsey Michaels, Sierra Sinn, Hailey Young, Lain, Ola Mckenzie, Niko, Jack Venice, Otto Bauer, Tyler Knight and James Deen.
DVD and VHS: HUSTLER Video.

Let's see some IDs, please, ladies! Cute newcomer Kelsey Michaels is, like, barely 18 in *BARELY LEGAL #53*. So how come she's *soo* good at giving head and having sex? Fresh off the bus from Tennessee, the petite sweetie doesn't look like a porn star, but she's got mad skills. Plus her smile's so awesome, it makes me want to go to med school and become a dentist just so I can stare at it all day. Blond hottie Ola Mckenzie has never done porn before, but she's the hottest girl with no boobs on the planet. Ola's sexy without even trying and totally down for some fast, hard effing. Glossy Sierra Sinn *loves* having sex. She doesn't do anal, but she totally sticks a dildo up her butt—which is a good sign. Hailey Young literally gets her ice-cream truck a-rockin'. Lain's got bigger boobs than anyone else. She's so laid back—until she starts having sex! She boinks like a bunny, and her boobs jiggle like crazy the whole time. The stars of *BARELY LEGAL #53* are fresher than daisies, but ready to roll in the sex department.


BARELY LEGAL #53:
Putting the *O* in Ola.



KRISSY

TALK ABOUT AN EYE-OPENER

Hey, I'm Krissy, from Seattle, Washington. BARELY LEGAL asked me to tell you when was the first time I felt really like an adult. I know *technically* I became one as soon as I turned 18 two months ago, but it's not like I felt any different right away. I guess I was expecting to be instantly transformed or something. I was *so* hoping I'd suddenly get taller and have bigger boobs. Oh, well. Anyway, the real defining moment of my womanhood happened just last week when I had butt sex for the first time.

"It's funny because I was a total virgin until recently. I get really nervous when I'm around guys—especially guys I like. It sucks. I thought I was going to *die* a virgin because I just could not deal with the whole dating thing. Even now, I spend most of my nights at home just, like, chilling with my parents or something.

"But two weeks ago my girlfriends and I went out to a club, and I met this hot older guy named Robert. Yeah, he has a nice car and a nice house, but I don't care about stuff like that. I'm into him because he makes me laugh. And he treats me like a grown-up.

"Anyway, we hooked up the very next night—which is *so* unlike me. Normally, I'll maybe kiss a guy on the first date. For me to give a guy a blowjob is just, like, *so* special. But I guess older guys are used to going all the way on their dates. After I finished giving Robert a hummer and was getting ready to go home, he was all, 'That's it? I thought you liked me.'

"I was like, 'What do you mean? Was I not good?' And he was all, 'No, baby, you were great, but you have the most perfect ass. Let me play with it for a bit.' I go, 'Okay, whatever,' not realizing that he wanted to do me in the butt!

"It was totally spur of the moment, but I decided to go for it. I'm glad I did, too. I don't want to be one of those girls who always crawls into her shell and is afraid to try new things. I guess I was afraid it would hurt or something, but it felt great. It burned when I walked for, like, a week after that, but in a good way.

"*Omigod*, I hope this doesn't get around all over school. I don't want people to think I'm a butt-sex freak or anything. But, honestly, I loved it! I felt so sexy and naughty and grown up. I bet even some of the cheerleaders haven't had butt sex with an older guy yet. But I don't want to stop there. I want to do it again and again. It feels so good to finally get a life!" ★

photography by dave naz

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LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

Hi, guys! Sophie here. Being a BARELY LEGAL intern rocks. For instance, I got the honor of interviewing 19-year-old rising star Jeannie Marie. Go me! Jeannie starred in *BARELY LEGAL Video #52* (under her full, official porn-star name, Jeannie Marie Sullavan), and she's just as fun and sexy in real life as she is onscreen!

sophie: Hi, Jeannie. What's up?
jeannie marie: Not much. Just hangin' out.
sophie: Tell me a little about yourself.
jeannie marie: I'm 19. I was born in Vegas but grew up in California. And I want to be a porn star. *Um,* that's it, really. Oh, and my mom knows I'm doing this, but it's cool because she's really supportive.
sophie: Really?
jeannie marie: Well, she knows I'm going to be in the magazine, but she doesn't know I made a movie!
sophie: I saw the BARELY LEGAL movie you did. That was *soo* hot. You totally make fun of that Paris Hilton burger commercial.
jeannie marie: Thanks. Did you like it? It was a lot of fun to do. The burger made kind of a mess, but then again, so did the guy!
sophie: In the movie, you drape yourself over the hood of a sports car, and I notice today you're wearing a sexy racing outfit. Are you really into cars, or what?
jeannie marie: Oh, yeah. Fast cars are kind of a turn-on. I like the adrenaline rush. But I just like this outfit because it's skintight and super sexy. It makes me feel like a real porn star.
sophie: Well, if you aren't now, you soon will be. In the movie, you do anal like there's no tomorrow. What was that like?
jeannie marie: It was awesome. I'm starting to really like it in the ass. I *do* like it, but every time I do it, I like it more and more.
sophie: What do you like most about it?
jeannie marie: It's a whole 'nother, what do you call it, ora-? Orifice? It's another orifice, another option. Sometimes, when I'm playing with myself, I like to imagine having a guy in every one of my orifices—one in my ass, one in my pussy and one in my mouth all at the same time...*mmm!*
sophie: What did you think of the guy in the movie, Van Damage? Were you attracted to him? And what kind of guys are you into?
jeannie marie: Van was good-looking and really nice, but big, muscley guys aren't really my thing. Lately, I've been really into women. Girls are so beautiful and sexy.
sophie: Really? That's hot. But you like guys, too, right?
jeannie marie: Oh, yeah. But I get nervous around guys. Plus I just got out of a long-term relationship. I've only had one boyfriend my whole life, and I was with him for four years. After he broke up with me, he said I wasn't sexy and I'd never make it as a model and all this stuff.
sophie: That's horrible!
jeannie marie: Yeah, so right now I'm not really looking for another relationship. If I could find a *decent* guy, then, yeah, I'd go out with him, but I'm having way too much fun getting with every girl I can find—when I'm not, you know, being fucked in the ass on camera.
sophie: What are your career ambitions?
jeannie marie: I want it all! I'd love to be a porn star because I think getting paid to have sex is the best of both worlds. I'd love to do it with Jenna or Jesse Jayne—if they would have me. Those chicks are so hot! ★

photography by joe steel


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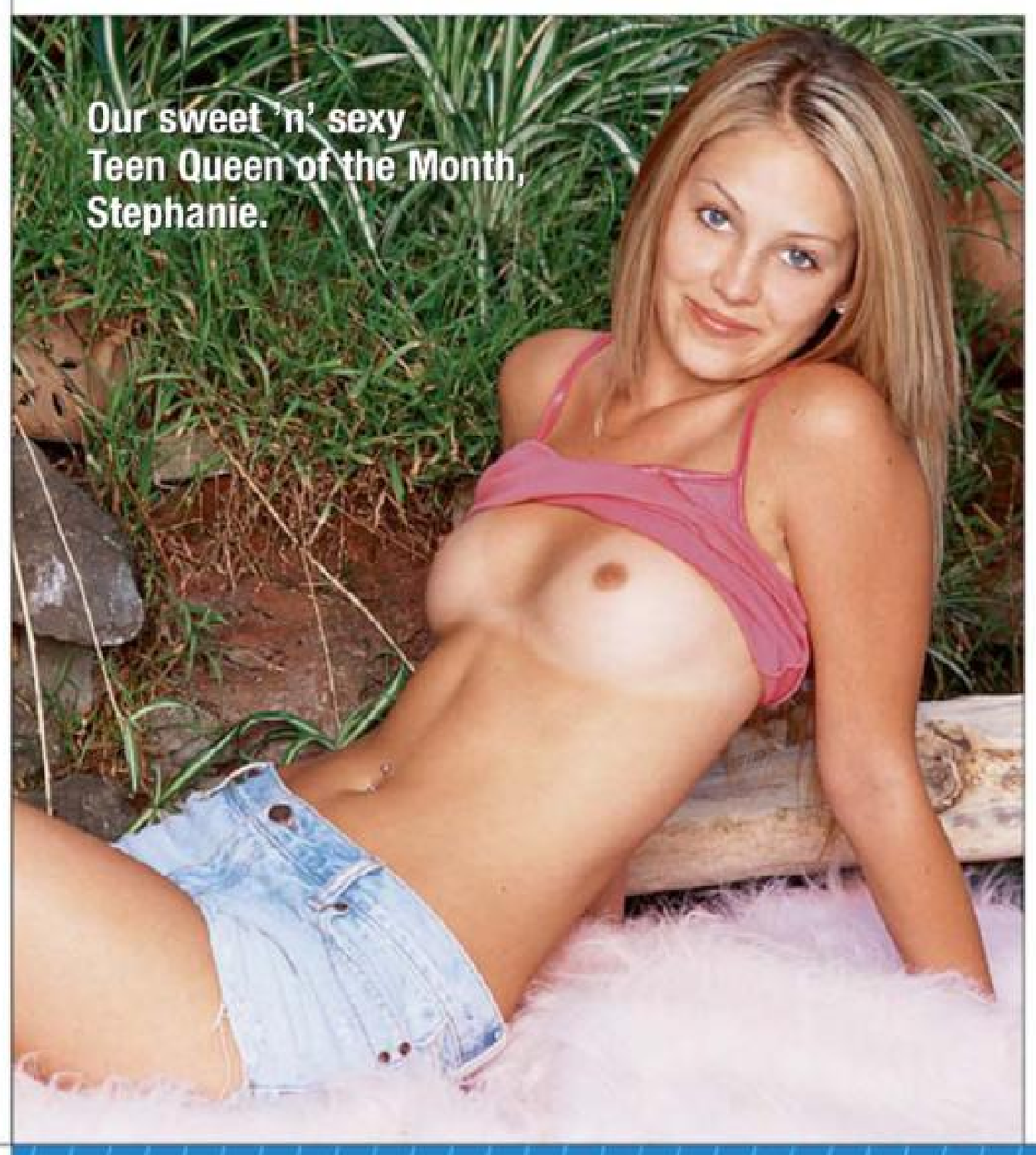
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